

NORTH ANDOVER HIGH-LITES



Judy Thornton

FEBRUARY — 1956

NORTH ANDOVER HIGH SCHOOL NO. ANDOVER, MASS.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIAL	1	RECORD	12
LITERARY	2	SPORTS	19
POET'S CORNER	9	EXCHANGES	21
TALK OF THE SCHOOL	11	HUMOR	22

Cover Design by Judith Thornton
Inside Art Work by Louise Mooradkanian

NORTH ANDOVER HIGH-LITES

The Student Publication of North Andover High School, North Andover, Mass.

VOL. XXXII

FEBRUARY ISSUE

NO. 2

EDITORIAL



THANKS!

We wish to thank the entire student body and the members of the faculty who have shown so much school spirit and loyalty by having a good representation of rooters at all our basketball games this year, even when the games have not been played on our home court. This is the kind of support that helps keep the morale of our teams high and boosts school spirit.

Let's keep up the good work and continue to help spur on our teams to victory!

Frances Broderick, '56

INEXCUSABLE THOUGHTLESSNESS!

The school library exists for the benefit of all the students! Most students do not abuse their library privileges, but laterly there have been instances of a few who have not been following the simple rules which would help our library to function smoothly and properly. Pupils have taken books from the library without having them stamped, or have not followed library regulations in the use of reserve books. This situation not only makes it difficult for our school librarian to keep track of books, but also makes it impossible for students to carry out their class assignments successfully.

Let us show more consideration for both our librarian and fellow students in the future by carefully observing all library rules.

Joan McDuffie, '56

OUR FLAG

The history of our flag is the history of our nation, for it symbolizes not only the ideals, traditions and free institutions of our republic, but also the expansion and territorial development of our United States. The thirteen original stars have grown in number to forty-eight; a union of forty-eight states, held together by the bond of our national government.

During the days of the Revolution many of the states had flags of their own. The Pine Tree flag of Massachusetts and the Rattlesnake flag of South Carolina are only a few of the numerous flags used in the cause of liberty.

Not until a year passed after the signing of the Declaration was anything done to establish a national flag. A flag with thirteen stars, arranged in a circle upon a blue field, was our national banner until May 1, 1795.

Several theories exist as to the origin of the Stars and Stripes. Probably it is a modification of the great Union flag, by removing the two crosses of St. George and St. Andrew and substituting the thirteen stars to indicate absolute separation from the mother country England, and absolute independence.

As the states increased it became necessary to readjust the flag. The original intention was to add a new stripe and star for each new state, but this idea was soon abandoned because, at the rate the states were entering the union, the tallest pine would not be high enough to serve as a flag-staff. It was decided then to have thirteen stripes of alternating colors, red and white, and a star for each state.

Our flag is the proud and sacred symbol of the freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which our country stands. May we always keep it so!

Angela Medici, '56



THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN

He was tall. He was handsome. He was rich. He was eligible. What more could an insipid, scheming female of the nineteenth century want? Each proud mother thought that fate had decreed that *her* daughter should be wed to that handsome creature, that dashing nobleman who, in her feeble mind, represented one who had reached the epitome of success as prescribed by the code of English high society.

Only words of wisdom could flow from his perfectly shaped mouth. It seemed to dare even a Rodin to capture the firmness of its bold lines. His Grecian nose gave him the look of Apollo. His warm gray eyes pierced the heart of each fluttering maiden and seemed to say that *she* was the one he had waited for.

On this particular occasion, a ball held in Hertfordshire, north of London, this Greek god, this Roman conqueror, this English lord, made his first official public appearance. For the first time in the glorious history of England, it was realized that the ladies, at their 4:00 o'clock tea (and gossip) party, had not exaggerated, had not even done full justice to their subject. It's an understatement to say that he was the life of the party. Without him there'd be no party. As a matter of fact, with him there was no party. The ladies absolutely refused to dance

unless he asked them and, as he never did, they refused to leave his side.

Now it seemed to old Baroness Witherspoon, who was seated at the other end of the hall sipping a glass of sherry, (diluted, of course), that it was strange that a group of young ladies should gather around a young gentleman and be satisfied though he never spoke to them. Strange indeed! No, Baroness Witherspoon, it's not so strange. He's giving them more than just pearls of wisdom; he's soothing their fluttering hearts with the sweet nectareous balm of his warm glances. What more could a damsel want?

Just at this moment, when he had the above-mentioned females in the palm of his hand, a chambermaid chanced to pass the door and take one fleeting glance at the proceedings. His whole countenance changed. His eyes became brighter, (if that was possible). His cheeks burned, kindled by the desire to conquer and to have for his own. His perfectly-shaped lips parted, and all the ladies breathlessly watched and waited for the words to flow. What would he say? Whom would he compliment? Each held her breath and prayed that she'd be the lucky one. Then he spoke.

"I say, who is that char-r-rming young lady?"

"Pray, which one of these elegant maidens are you speaking of, sir?" cooed his hostess.

"I'm referring to that perfect picture of domesticity that just passed by the door," he informed her.

"Oh, just one of the maids," she fluttered, slightly peeved because of his interest in the hired help. "Don't worry about it. I'll discharge her on the morrow."

"By no means, madame, did I wish to infer, by my interest, that she was undesirable. On the contrary, I find her very desirable. My, what a delightfully refreshing creature. Excuse me, madame, ladies. I have some important business to attend to."

With that, that Roman conqueror, that English lord, Grecian nose and all, sailed out of the room. Louise Mooradkanian, '57

ESCAPE!

Escape! The word kept rumming through my mind like wild fire, as I sat deeply engrossed in thought amidst a pitiful mass of mangled and torn war prisoners in a dirty, dingy concentration camp situated somewhere in Poland. Suffering, misery, and horrible torture were to be found everywhere throughout the camp. I was to be executed in two days. No reason had been given, but I suspected it was because I had written all my columns with a red hot hate for Communism, and if I were to return to freedom, the free world would know a lot more of the stinking truth about Communism.

Afraid to die? No. I had faced death too often before. A foreign correspondent's job is but a life of constant danger. What was this fear then, this nagging, oppressive fear, fear from a source I could not put my finger on?

Then it hit me. What a fool I was! I came to my senses. Seven innocent people would be murdered, murdered without any cockeyed reason in the world, if I was not in Berlin on the 21st, which allowed me only three days, three days to plan an escape, and as of now, I hadn't had a

snap of an idea. I had to think, think until it dulled my mind, think until my brain ached.

Ha, what a joke! A way out of a steel cage, surrounded by a seven-foot, 85,000-volt barbwire fence, with 500 Red guards thrown in just for fun. O. K., there it was. I had all the facts. Now all I had to do was figure a way out, a way out of this death trap. It had to be done. Seven people, people whom I had never seen, were counting on me, me a hick-town newspaper editor who was too stubborn to be satisfied with a white picket fence, a dog, and some noisy kids, not to mention a wife. This I could have had. No. I had wanted adventure, danger, peril. Well, now I'd had more than my share, and a starched little housefrau and some noisy brats sounded pretty good to me. But I had to stop this pipe dream and calculate.

The hours crawled by. I tried to plan a way out, only to find myself back in the same state of bewilderment in which I had started. Through my hazy thoughts I could remember Tim Johnson, my over-energetic boss, assuring me I hadn't a worry in the world, as long as he had under his merciless clutch those seven top brass spies. It was O. K., his plan, but what he didn't know and I didn't find out until I was arrested was that they were only some poor frightened Russians the Communists had threatened, by the strong hold they had on their families, into acting as the big shots we were supposed to have secured as a surety for my safety. And now, now innocent lives hung in the balance, the remainder of their lives measured in days, seconds, precious hours.

Just as I was being consumed by my relentless thoughts I heard a whispered voice; then, as I felt a sharp poke in my ribs, I reeled around to meet the keen and steady gaze of a Red soldier.

"Follow me," he intoned in a fearful whisper. Once out of range and hearing distance of the other guards, he turned to me.

"You are the American, Peter Burnham?" he asked in a cautious manner.

"I am."

"Ah, then I have business with you. Come, let us walk about or the other guards will suspect us. My father and brother are among the seven held as hostages in Berlin, and I know if you do not escape, they will die."

"O. K. So are you gonna be my guardian angel and get me out of this steel bird cage?"

He seemed undaunted by my cynicism.

"You might say that," was his hurried answer.

"How?"

"I have friends. Their families also have been threatened, so do not worry. You shall escape to freedom."

Escape! Freedom! Oh brother, those were the sweetest words that these miserable ears of mine had heard in a pretty long time!

"You will follow my instructions then?"

"I'd be a fool if I didn't, but brother you had better be on the level, or I'll personally wring your neck, even if I have to come back as a ghost to do it."

"I'm on the level," he quickly reassured me, and from the look on his benevolent, weatherbeaten face, I could tell I had nothing to doubt.

At six that night a supply truck, loaded with Russian guns, would pull in and carry me to freedom. What a word! I guess I had never really known the true meaning of it. I did now, though.

Before I knew it I was in the truck under a half dozen boxes. It had started to snow lightly. Just what I needed to get to the truck unseen.

In half an hour we were well on our way. No sooner had I been able to get my long legs into a comfortable position in a space fit for a midget, when we were at the first border stop. Everything went smoothly, as it did also at the second and third stops. Then my heart shot into my mouth. One more stop then freedom, freedom at last. My skin turned cold, my head reeled with the excitement of a child seeing a jet take off for the first time. Brother, calm yourself, I repeated over and over to myself. This was it—the last stop, the door to freedom.

I tried to get hold of myself, but just then I heard someone shout, "Search the truck." My heart beat madly. Then I heard Jon, the driver call to me, "Peter, run, run to freedom. They will discov - ah - ah - h - h."

A shot rang out. I knew now one life was lost. Now I would surely help seven others to the grave. All this would be in vain. Just ten more minutes to freedom and all was lost.

I couldn't think. I just ran, ran blindly onward. I felt two sharp jabs of pain pierce me. I staggered relentlessly on. Pain clutched my entire body. Then I fell! A crazy sort of feeling hit me. I knew from instinct my wounds were mortal and I was dying. I couldn't die now, not until, until they knew. Just as I was slipping into the sweet unknown, I heard a familiar voice, and it wasn't old Satan either. It was my boss Tim.

"Hey, fella, don't go yet."

Being the type that voluntarily wouldn't, I related to him the whole rotten story, after which I felt horrible, racking pain jabbing my weakened body.

"Lucky for you, Pete, that Al and I were on our way to Poland to pick up some important papers and got here in time to hear your story. We were going to leave by plane, but she crashed two hours ago. I guess freedom's cause is never lost, Pete. Hey, Pete!"

By then I couldn't feel his tense clutch on me, but his memorable words were imprinted on my mind and heart forever: "Freedom's cause is never lost, never lost."

The next Saturday seven free and happy people followed my bier up the icy steps of Saint Ann's Church in Berlin, the city of freedom.

Barbara Subatch. '59

WATCHING A BIRD WATCHER

Something happened to my city born and bred mother a few months after our family moved to the country. The change was scarcely noticeable at first.

Where she was formerly absorbed in clothes, home arrangements, and club activities, suddenly she took to sitting in the window seemingly enchanted, and when asked what she was doing, would reply, "Aren't birds cute?" Then the fashion magazines were gradually replaced by books with unfamiliar titles like "Life History of North American Wood Warblers" and "A Guide to New England Wild Birds."

The first inkling of what was actually happening struck us speechless, for when father gave her money for a new coat, she came home with a pair of expensive binoculars. Then we knew that our clothes-conscious, domestic-minded mother was completely ensnared by that vast group of nature lovers, "The Bird Watchers."

Now came weeks of mental suffering, while mother pursued her endless walks and endless talks on Finches, Warblers, Rosebeaks, and what-have-you. Father patiently listened to the habits of the Ivory Billed Woodpecker, but when she brought home a baby Cooper's Hawk which had fallen from its nest, and started feeding it a mash of egg yolk and cod liver oil every twelve minutes, I could see his patience was beginning to wear thin.

I came home from school one day and the cool injured look on Mother's face and the fiery expression on Dad's told me that they had finally reached an understanding about our fine feathered friends.

Later I learned that the breaking point had come when Mother requested that Dad, at risk of life and limb, climb a lofty pine and return our baby hawk to its mother, a bird of monstrous proportions.

Father is usually a reasonable person, but I'm afraid that the only bird mother will watch in the future will be our Thanksgiving turkey.

Susan Roberts, '59

HOME IN THE MOUNTAINS

Mesquite Canyon is a sylvan glen far removed from the haunts and houses of mortal men. In its woods roam herds of sleek, fat deer. On its small yet seemingly vast plains graze herds of buffalo, all mingled in an atmosphere of brotherhood and peace. Here also abide the last of a vanishing breed of horses, direct descendants of the Spanish Barbs ridden by Cortez and his invaders. Light of limb are these horses, yet fleet as a hunted deer. Their only world's the canyon in which they live, in which they are born, and, when death claims them as its own, in which they die as their fathers and their fathers' fathers before them.

Are they doomed to die a forgotten, undiscovered breed? Must the delicate and fine lined heads of these animals that now browse the fragrant grasses of this canyon vanish into eternity unrecognized? Does the blood of their noble breed need cease to flow in the veins of fine horses over the world? True, their blood is carried by a few pure-blooded desert horses, but not in great enough quantities for the good of breeders over the world.

But, perhaps it is best. Perhaps the unstained, undiluted blood of the Barbs deserves this canyon as a monument, a tribute to their proud spirit, their fiery willfulness. Before you say you agree or disagree with what I have said, think again of the spirit, of the fiery pride carried by the colts in that distant mountain pasture. Think of their beauty, the flashing, burnished sheen of their bay, chestnut and black bodies. The rippling steel muscles under the sensitive skin, the springy posterns, the flint-hard hoofs that have never felt a shoe, all these are part of their heritage.

Yes, this could very well be a monument to them. Here and here only are there no steel bits to punish their tender mouths, no cruel spurs to mar their burnished, sleek sides, no heavy-handed riders to break their wild, beautiful spirit. Freedom is theirs, joyous, exhilarating; and no man shall have the right to take it from them in this, their "Home in the Mountains."

Helen Phillips, '59

MORNING EXCERPT

Ah, the joy of life! It was nine o'clock and I was just pulling myself out of bed. I donned my robe and slippers and walked to the front door. I opened it, stretched out my arms, took a deep breath, and "Whap" right in the face—the morning paper arrived by air.

I picked myself up and walked to the kitchen. As I set the table I thought, "Wouldn't it be fun to have one of those modern husbands who get up in the morning and make the breakfast for themselves and their wives too. But then again, think of how long it would take to train him."

Just then, in "he" came. His eyes were half shut, his shirt open and out, hair everywhere but in its place, a butt in his mouth, and a heavy five o'clock shadow. The man of the house.

"Hi, Handsome," I greeted.

"I'm hungry," was the reply.

He sat down and picked up the morning paper. After reading for a minute he said, "That's nice."

"What's nice?"

"Huh? Didja say something?"

"No, I thought you did."

"No."

He ate breakfast, put on his hat and coat, and straggled down the walk.

I closed the door with a sigh of relief, then went back to bed for my morning's rest. Ah, the joy of life!

Laura Curtis, '57

FLAME COMES HOME

The dark night was broken by a piercing cry, as Flame rounded up his mares for protection. A stray colt rushed back to his mother, as Flame nipped him gently on the hind quarters. Now and then a coyote would call to his mate, and a restlessness would overcome the mares until Flame's reassuring neigh rang out. At last Sweet Water Canyon was quiet.

The sun broke through a ribbon of fleecy, white clouds, and its rays seemed to touch the waking earth. Flame's coat glistened, and his mane carelessly played with a small gust of wind. He lifted his black, velvet nose, and his nostrils quivered in the cool, sweet air that enveloped the canyon. His arched neck and broad back shivered with excitement brought on by the birth of a new day. His big brown eyes searched the valley below, and his gaze took in each mare and colt.

He galloped safely down the incline, his hoofs echoing as they struck each stone, and made his way to the waterhole. Sniffing at the sparkling, cold fluid, he drank longer than usual, his ears alert for any unfamiliar sounds. The snickering and snorting of the other horses halted his drinking, and lifting his finely-molded head, he heard the familiar and trusting whistle he had waited for all summer.

A fast gallop towards the gap in the canyon brought Flame in view of his master. A tall, blond youth of seventeen could be seen striding along the narrow trail leading a small, dainty mare. The stallion, eyeing his master, rose up on his hind legs, pawed the air, and started down the slope to meet him. Don caught a glimpse of his horse as the sun shone dazzling on the flaming, red body with its tail and mane fumbled

through by the wind. Flame's sharp cry ricocheted through the still air until the very walls of the canyon seemed to tremble. As horse and boy met after four long months, their companionship and trust melted into one. Flame's soft muzzle, still wet from his drink, brushed against Don's tanned cheek, letting the water trickle down the boy's brown neck.

As the day wore on, horse and boy shared each minute together. As evening bore down upon the canyon, Flame knew the task Don expected of him. Both the stallion and his mares were going to the ranch for the winter months. Don's horse, Lady, the ranch's pet, nickered with joy at having her big brother home once more. Don, too, was happy as he and Lady stood guard at the rear of the procession, while Flame led his mares home with anxiety.

Joan Doiron, '57

TORNADO TEX

Whenever cowboys gather around a campfire, one of them is likely to strum his guitar and sing about Tornado Tex, the legendary cowboy hero of the Southwest. He was the smartest, strongest, toughest, bravest cowpoke the West had ever known.

Tex was a year old when his family started to move West. He slipped out of the wagon as it was bouncing around a curve. He wasn't missed for a few weeks though, because there were fourteen other children in the family. By that time it was too late to look for him.

Tex grew up with the friendly coyotes. He soon learned their language, hunted with them, and even howled with them at night.

This life kept up until Tex was ten. Then one morning, after a scrap with two enormous grizzly bears, a stranger rode up and started a conversation with Tex. It was that day that Tex learned that he wasn't a coyote.

It wasn't long after that that Tex invented the six-shooter and killed all the bad men in the whole state of Texas. After that incident, Tex decided that there wasn't much to do in Texas, so he moved West.

On the way, his horse tripped over an ant hill, broke his neck and died, so Tex had to travel on foot.

On his way West, Tex came across a moving cattle outfit, so without any fighting or arguing, he took over.

During the summer a dry spell hit the country, so Tex dug the Rio Grande to water his herd. Still another time Tex was hunting for gold and dug the Grand Canyon.

No one knows for sure, but some say that Tex laughed himself to death when he saw a dude wearing a mail-order cowboy suit.

Richard Bamford, '59

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PARAKEET

I am a parakeet, as you may have gathered by the title of this story. My name is—well, there's a slight question about my name. My owners address me by various titles, the commonest and most frequent one being "Stupid." Example—"Stupid, look out, my china vase!" As I rarely miss my objective when flying, there is usually a crash, sobs of anguish, and then, quiet.

A typical day starts with my mistress tripping over to my cage, tearing off its cover, and letting the sunlight invade my quiet, dark home.

Always they are trying to make me talk. The day starts and ends with, "Pretty boy, pretty, pretty boy, talk, Stupid, talk!"

Usually somebody drops in and sticks his finger in my cage, expecting me to sit on it. Talking about neighbors, here come some now. Oh, oh, there's a gleam in their eyes. Here they come, right over to my cage. Maybe I can squeeze under the feed dish. Naw, too small. Gee, they're opening my cage door now. I'll get away over in the corner and maybe they won't see me. There they go with that infernal screeching again, "Pretty boy, pretty boy." I can't stand it any longer; it's getting on my nerves! Somebody's got to give. It's driving me crazy. Here I go:

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Eating peanuts by the peck.

Hey, what happened? Everybody's on the floor! Gee, they wanted me to talk. Human beings, phooey!

Claire Oskar, '58



POET'S CORNER

BALLAD OF A BABY SITTER

They call me up at four o'clock.
At seven at their door I knock.

"Here's Percy, and we'll be home late,
Aud get him into bed by eight."
They leave and I await my fate.

"Hello, Percy, and how are you?"
(This proves a hopeless interview,
For in my hair he pours the glue,
And from my arm he takes a chew.)

I'm just beginning to be "stewed,"
But there is no time to brood.
(He's eating up the puppy's food.)
"You're really acting very crude.
I'll teach you not to be so rude!"

He's picked up Daddy's tools to bore
A hole right through the bathroom floor.
Suddenly there's an awful roar;
He's got the cat chained to the door.
(I simply can't take too much more.)
Someone call out the Marine Corps!

At eight o'clock I try in vain.
(Him to the bed I'll have to chain,
'Cause he's always back again.)
He's put rocks in the kitchen drain,
And poured down it all of Dad's champagne.
(This kid's got a wicked brain.
This kid just ain't humane!)

He wants to play "dragon." (Guess who's slain!)
He lances me with his Grandpa's cane,
And on the carpet I am lain,
And I dare not to complain,
'Cause he's king of this domain,
And over me he sure does reign!
How can I to his folks explain,
That I'm convinced he's quite insane?

Then for a while he's absent,
And I wonder where on earth he went.
(I don't feel very confident!)
I find him in the basement,
Digging holes in the cement,
And acting very innocent.
I guess his energy's almost spent,
For we return upstairs without accident,
And finally to bed. What a joyous event!

The folks return home later that night
And seem to find everything perfectly right.
They have no idea of my terrible fright,
All caused by their little angelic mite.
Asleep he is really a heart-moving sight,
But I know him from earlier tonight!
Of course, I can't tell the folks outright,
That caring for their son's such a terrible plight,
So when, "Won't you come again?" they invite,
I answer them, "Surely," just to be polite.

They call me up at four o'clock.
At seven at their door I knock.

Alice Miller, '57

SOLITARY ADVENTURE

Some people are bound
For regions renowned,
For churches, and castles, and cuisine;
For curious currencies,
Dainty afternoon teas,
Occasionally seeing a queen.

Away from the graces
Of those man-made places,
A small, sunny island serene,
To take time for tanning,
(A palm frond for fanning)
Is destined to be my demesne.

An isle of Pacific
Would just be terrific.
For swimming, I'd do without style.
And diving for treasure,
Would be such a pleasure,
While wearing a happy smile!

Alice Miller, '57

CHILDREN'S DELIGHT

As dusk descended, the snow began.
It slowly fell upon the land.
One flake, two, then many more.
It soon piled up beside the door.

The children ran to the window to see
What a wonderful place this world would be
With the trees all dressed in shimmering white,
Against the shadows cast by the fading light.

No thoughts of shoveling in their mind,
Only visions of pleasure they could find
In skiing, coasting, and a snowball fight.
Their eyes did sparkle with pure delight.

And on the lawn, a snow-man would stand
With a tall silk hat and a cane in his hand.
A corn-cob pipe and a muffler, too,
To guard against the cold that's due.

While daddy sat in his chair so forlorn
Thinking of problems to face in the morn,
The children did slowly crawl into their beds,
With all sorts of plans buzzing 'round in their heads.

Elaine Roche, '58



TALK OF THE SCHOOL

On December 2, 1955, Samuel Galvagna was elected to represent North Andover High School on Good Government Day at the state capitol in Boston. Good Government Day is held in March, and one candidate from each school is chosen to represent his school as a member of the government of Massachusetts.

V. E. F.

On December 16, the high school choral group and band presented a Christmas program for the enjoyment of the townspeople. This was the last program held in conjunction with the North Andover Centennial. The chorus gave fine renditions of traditional carols, and also a cantata. The band gave an excellent presentation with selected Christmas music. We can feel proud of the good showing that is being made by both our band and chorus.

J. B.

* * * * *

In November, Consumer Education 3-3 had the pleasure of hearing as a guest speaker Miss Vose, who works with the Division of Old Age Security. Miss Vose gave the class an idea of the way that the Social Security Offices work their vast program and, following her talk, answered questions which were brought up by the pupils.

J. B.

* * * * *

The seniors are already having their class pictures taken. It doesn't seem possible that after four short years we are really graduating from high school.

* * * * *

The high school was beautifully decorated this past Christmas season. In the lobby was a huge Christmas tree decorated with ornaments from the third and fourth grades. On the windows were drawings of Christmas greetings. In the cafeteria, there was a beautiful tree decorated with Christmas lights. Also, Miss Cook decorated the library with the season's greetings written in the many different languages of the world. These decorations add much to the Christmas spirit and we all appreciate them.

V. E. F.

* * * * *

Recently the football players from the senior class and the coaches were presented with tie clips from the cheerleaders. "N. A. H. S." was engraved on all the clips. These gifts were given to the boys for doing such a tremendous job this year, and to the coaches for the hard work they put into making our team successful.

P. A. H.



RECORD

NEW FACULTY MEMBERS

Joseph Lynch

A very welcome new addition to our high school faculty this year is Mr. Joseph Lynch, a most genial and understanding person, who teaches algebra, plane geometry, and general science.

Mr. Lynch is a graduate of Holy Cross College, Worcester, served in the Navy Medical Corps, and is now living in Lawrence with his wife and four children: Pat—4, Joe—3, Dave—2, and Sheila—2 months.

He finds both faculty and students at N. A. H. S. friendly and very cooperative, and is himself very well liked by all.

We certainly hope he is as happy to be here as we are to have him with us.

M. R.

James McDonald

Another new and welcome addition to our teaching staff this year is Mr. James McDonald. He teaches speech, English, and world history. He also acts as director of dramatics.

Mr. McDonald is a native of Haverhill and attended school there. He later was a student at Emerson College in Boston. While there, he did considerable radio and television work on WERS-FM, the college station. He was production manager of the radio station and also on its announcing, production and news staffs. He was also a member of the Emerson Debating Council.

Mr. McDonald enjoys teaching at North Andover High School very much. He feels the students are well above average and are industrious and creative.

We are happy to have him as a member of our faculty. J. McD.

Thomas Powers

We wish also to welcome Mr. Thomas Powers, our new teacher of history, civics, and English, to our faculty.

Mr. Powers attended Lawrence High School and St. John's Prep, and is a graduate of Tufts College.

During his term in the U. S. Army, Mr. Powers attended Army Service School and the Instrument and Service School at Fort Knox, Kentucky, and Camp Polk, Louisiana. He also studied at the Army Control School, situated in Bournemouth, England.

At present, Mr. Powers is doing graduate work in education at Tufts College. In addition to his regular teaching duties at N. A. H. S., he also coaches J. V. basketball and finds time to attend and lend his support to all of our student activities.

We are happy to have Mr. Powers with us as a member of our school staff. F. B.

NORTH ANDOVER HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES

Class of 1955

College

Boys:

Boutilier, Robert	Brown University
Cole, Richard	Northeastern
Connell, Hiram	Merrimack
Kellan, Robert	Boston College
Rapacz, Kenneth	Northeastern
Russell, Roland	Northeastern
Smith, Gerald	Northeastern

Girls:

Ambiehl, Gail	Lowell Teachers'
Bamford, Roberta	Simmons
Boyle, Joan	Lowell Teachers'
Crawford, Ann	Boston University
Driscoll, Barbara	Lowell Teachers'
Fessenden, Ruth	Boston University
McCarthy, Helen	Emmanuel
Mooradkanian, Helen	Wellesley
Thomas, Elsie	Boston University
Valliere, Joan	Merrimack

Working**Boys:**

Annaloro, Charles	Western Electric
Glennie, John	Gulf Service Station
Harvey, Ernest	Davis & Furber (Office)
Holleran, Robert	Whiteside Farm
Killen, Richard	Bolta Co.
Maynard, Raymond	Brennan's
McDowell, John	Cashman's Service Station
Nicosia, Richard	Western Electric
Stamp, Walter	Hollins' Service Station

Girls:

Ackroyd, Norma	Lunington Shoe Co.
Canty, Margaret	Hytron, Danvers
Cashman, Rosemary	Telephone Co.
Dineen, Patricia	Clark Plumbing Co.
Forgetta, Geraldine	Dillon's Office
Giard, Jean	Pacific Mill Office
Hamel, Barbara	Baby-Sitting
Hamel, Teresa	Wm. Barry, Inc.
Haight, Janet	Haight Co.
Hoessler, Dorothy	American Mutual, Inc.
Kay, Marjorie	Western Electric
Lomazzo, Irene	M. J. Amore Insurance Co.
Mammino, Ida	Stevens Mill Office
Marrs, Priscilla	Telephone Co.
Mellian, Katherine	Pacific Mill Office
Moran, Jeanne	Salesgirl, Sutherland's
O'Neil, Patricia	Personnel Office, M. I. T.
Pavledakes, Dawn	Andrew Coffin Insurance
Reidel, Dianne	Davis & Furber Office
Sargent, Jane	Stevens Mill Office
Smith, Corinne	Telephone Co.
Smith, Maureen	Pacific Mill Office
Smith, Marilyn	Sutton's Mill Office
West, Charlotte	First National Bank (Boston)
Tymvakiewiz, Maryann	Mass. Service Co.
Weingart, Dorothy	Western Electric

Preparatory School

Gillick, Francis

Huntington Prep.

Business School

Houldsworth, Joan
Kozdras, Lorraine
Tanski, Joan

McIntosh
McIntosh
Burdett

Special Schools

Salemme, William

Mass. Radio & T. V.

At Home

Ventrillo, Katherine

Convent

Macklin, Margaret

Nursing

Cushing, Maureen Lawrence General
Doherty, Ann Lawrence General
Hawkes, Carolyn Lawrence General

Married

Zahn, Sarah

Service

Coppeta, Arthur	Air Force
Corcoran, Laurence	Army
DiMario, Vincent	Army
Doiron, Daniel	Army
Hallsworth, David	Army
Kettinger, Charles	Army
MacDonald, David	Army
Noone, Ronald	Army
Wilcox, Robert	Army

J. T. V.

ASSEMBLIES

On December 9, Captain Paul Dry, a merchant marine with sixteen years' service, gave an interesting talk on some of his experiences in the Marines. Captain Dry has traveled over one million miles of ocean, has visited fifty-four countries, and has completed five trips around the world. In order to illustrate his stories, Captain Dry showed many exhibits from foreign lands and conducted some demonstrations of skills peculiar to Mariners.

On December 23 a number of students, under the direction of Mr. James McDonald, presented a Christmas program. First on the program was "The Trials of Santa's Helpers," which was written by Gene Sztucinski and presented by Joan Robertson. Following that was "Princess of Judea," written and presented by Claire Oskar. Next, written and presented by Marguerite McGuire, was "A Child's Prayer at Christmas." The next selection, "Christmas Shopping," was written by Barbara Houston and presented by Virginia Foster. Last was "Annie and Willie's Prayer at Christmas," written by Mrs. Sophie Snow and presented by Dorothy Stansel. Charles Mattraw was the master of ceremonies. The music was under the direction of Mr. Mosher. N. W.

HONOR SOCIETY REPORT

On January 12, the Honor Society held its first meeting of the new year. First the Constitution was read to acquaint new members and reacquaint old members with the laws and ideals of the Society.

For a money-making project, a bakery sale was unanimously decided upon. A rummage sale was also suggested, but was rejected.

Committees for the dance to be held on February 10 were appointed. It was agreed another meeting would be held at a later date to complete arrangements for the dance.

All present were agreeable to the idea of library permits. These permits will allow Honor Society members to go to the library at any time without getting library slips from a teacher.

The names of all seniors who plan to go to college were taken by Miss Cook. Two of these people will be chosen to compete for the National Honor Society Scholarship. Good luck to the ones who are chosen! N.P.

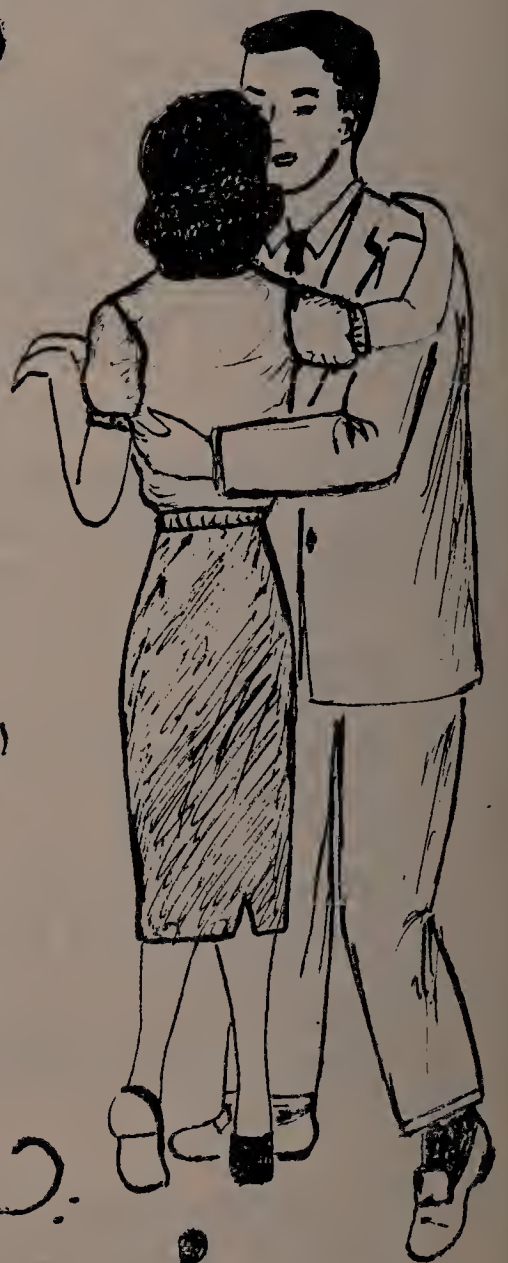
GUIDANCE REPORT

On November 5, Boston University held an "open house" at which Robert Nevins, Leo Axtin, and William Stanley were present. Paul Donovan and Lt. Conroy, representatives of Lowell Tech., talked to our

When you



"Rock Around THE CLOCK"



"ONLY YOU"

Dance



"MIXED EMOTIONS"

PLEASE "DANCE WITH ME, HENRY!"



Louise E. Mooradian

senior boys on November 16. The following day, Howard Ratcliffe, Robert Ela, Elliot Palmer, Benjamin Farnum, Leo Axtin, Robert Nevins, and Raymond Chadwick made a trip to the school. Lt. Conroy of the Army gave an inspiring talk to the senior boys on November 30, and a few days later a representative of Boston College, Reverend Edmund Walsh, spoke to seniors. December 8, Mrs. Loring from Burdett College came to speak to some of the students. Her talk was very informative and helpful to the girls. Those who visited the school were: Virginia Briguglio, Gloria Berube, Kathleen Greenler, and Brenda Spoford. Mr. Stevens, a representative of Franklin Technical Institute, visited our school and talked to students about courses and admission requirements at his school. J. T. V.

SENIOR CLASS REPORT

As the Good Government Day representative of North Andover High School, the senior class elected Samuel Galvagna. He will represent this school at the annual gathering in Boston.

The senior class ballot has also been voted upon and the results have been posted on the main bulletin board.

As a fund-raising project, the seniors have undertaken the selling of tickets for a braided rug. The rug is being donated and the proceeds of this project will be put into the senior class treasury. A resident of Andover was the winner of the rug. C. E. W.

STUDENT COUNCIL DANCE

The Student Council sponsored a dance Friday evening, December 9, in the school gymnasium.

We wish to thank Mr. George Lee, Miss Harriet Dunham, Miss Veva Chapman, Mr. John Donovan, Miss Clara Chapman, and Mr. and Mrs. William Laroche for acting as chaperons. We were also glad to welcome disc jockey, Steve Hughes. J. D.

SOPHOMORE GOINGS-ON

Do you notice things? I mean really notice them. Take, for instance, the habits and hobbies of people you see every day—your classmates.

Here are a few characteristics of some of your best friends. See if you can guess who they are.

1. Who's the "Tiger" in Biology 2-1?
2. What cute redhead plays basketball and is a peppy cheerleader?
3. Who often says, "That's how the cookie crumbles," and "Sure, they do?"
4. What lad has the same first name as one of our feathered friends and speeds down the basketball court on wings?
5. Who's the lass who introduced to us, "Dig you later, alligator," and, "See you soon, goon"?

Answers

- | | | |
|-----------------|------------------|------------------|
| 1. Jay Burke | 2. Janet Drummy | 3. Carl Schubert |
| 4. Robin Munroe | 5. Carole Parker | |

M. P.

GUESS WHO?

There is an outstanding freshman whom, in my opinion, everyone should meet.

She is about five feet eight inches tall, has brown hair and hazel eyes. Her favorite pastimes are horseback riding, basketball, and ice skating.

One of her best-liked subjects is science.

She would like to go to Arizona in the future and is planning to make her home there after she finishes school.

If you haven't already guessed who this person is, it's Helen Phillips
C. C.

GOBBLER DANCE

A highly successful Gobbler Dance was held on January 13th in the school gymnasium. The disc jockey was Mike Gavin of radio station WCCM.

We extend our thanks to the following teachers who served as chaperones for the event: Miss Gillen, Mr. Lynch, Miss Donlan, Mr. Powers, Miss Mooradkanian, and Mr. Thomson.
J. D.

SPORTS



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Varsity vs. Alumni

The Girls' Varsity started off the season by chalking up a victory against the Alumni. At the half, the score was 22-8 in favor of the Varsity. The final score was 34-14. High scorer was Barbara Weingart with 15 points. Following her were Dot Paradis with 9 points, Thalia Currier with 8 points, and Paula Weymouth with 2 points. On the defense were Francie Broderick, Judy Knightly, Audrey Currier, Flo Legare, and Sheila Hardiman. Tied as high scorers on the Alumni were Maureen Smith and Pris Marrs, with 7 points each.

Varsity vs. Howe

At the second game of the season, the Varsity was defeated by Howe 38-30. After trailing by 2 points in the first quarter, our girls tied it up 21-21, with five seconds to go. During the third quarter both teams stayed right together. It wasn't until the last quarter that the Howe girls spurted out in front to get 12 points to our 5.

High scorer was Thalia Currier with 13 points. Right behind her were Barbara Weingart with 12 points, and Dot Paradis with 5 points.

J. K. and T. C.

BOYS' BASKETBALL**North Andover 90--Alumni 55**

North Andover rumbled to a fine start as it walloped the Alumni team 90-55 in its first start at North Andover High's gymnasium. The North Andover five displayed a terrific brand of aggressive, well-organized ball. They outscored the Alumni in every quarter. All five starters hit for double figures: Rob Munroe (18), Captain Norm Heinze (16), Andy Zigelis and Bucky Lyons (14), and Vic Battaglioli (12).

North Andover 61--Perley 30

A classy North Andover team defeated Perley High in a fast-moving but lopsided contest. Immediately showing their superiority, the Knights opened the first quarter with a 20-3 lead. They finished the half (33-8), then turned the game over to the subs, who kept N. A. in the lead. Taking high scoring honors were Munroe (18), Battaglioli (15), and Heinze (10).

North Andover 69--Ipswich 31

North Andover, displaying terrific ball handling and fast-breaking, whipped Ipswich High for North Andover's fifth straight win. Rob Munroe, Norm Heinze, and Vic Battaglioli led the scoring parade as they racked up 55 points between them in three quarters, after which they left the game, making way for the subs. Andy Zigelis and Ted Snell took complete control of the boards and completed the other half of N. A.'s fast break offense. An all-round team effort was the main factor in this win.

North Andover 65--Rockport 50

North Andover's Scarlet Knights, behind the playmaking of Robin Munroe, outscored Rockport in every period to take their second win in a row by the score of 65-50. In the first period the Knights jumped into quick a 4-0 lead, but Rockport bounced back to tie the score. From this point on the game was nip and tuck until the third period. In this frame, behind the scoring of Robin Munroe and Andy Zigelis, the Knights began to pull away from the tiring Rockport crew and, when the final buzzer sounded, North Andover had a comfortable 15-point lead. For the North Andover quintet, Robin Munroe led the scoring with 25 points, followed by Andy Zigelis who had 14.

North Andover 75--Rockport 45

Rob Munroe and Vic Battaglioli led North Andover to its fourth consecutive win in as many tries by a score of 75-45 at Rockport. The Knights, behind the spectacular shooting of Munroe and Battaglioli, (who between them scored more than half of their team's points), jumped to a 39-16 halftime lead and were ahead all the way. With Andy Zigelis, Ted Snell and Norman Heinze grabbing rebound after rebound from the taller Rockport quintet, North Andover coasted through the second half with comparative ease, ending the game with a 30-point lead. For the Knights, Munroe scored 28 and Battaglioli 16.

North Andover 53--Methuen 58

North Andover's super-charged quintet was nipped by Methuen at the latter's gymnasium. North Andover, spearheaded by the shooting

of Munroe and Heinze and the board work of Zigelis, pressed Methuen so intensely that it wasn't till the 25 second mark that Methuen's victory was assured. N. A.'s loss was due greatly to the fact that they lost three starters by way of fouls at the first half. Munroe, Heinze, and Snell took the bulk of the load in the second half. The Knights, down by 10 points at one time in the fourth frame, staged a last ditch rally which fell short by 5 points.

North Andover 46--Punchard 66

North Andover dropped its first decision of the year to a rangy Punchard quintet by the score of 66-46. Punchard High scored early and often in the first two periods to jump to a 35-19 halftime score. In the second half, behind Robin Munroe, the Knights matched Punchard basket for basket, but could not gain on their taller opponents. For the Knights, Munroe was high man with 15 points, followed by Lyons who had 9.

North Andover 76--Howe 56

North Andover, again behind the spectacular playmaking of Robin Munroe, got back into the win column after suffering two successive setbacks by topping Howe High of Billerica by the score of 76-56. It was nip and tuck through the first half, with the Knights holding a slim 31-27 lead. Then the Knights, behind Munroe, Heinze, and Zigelis, began to take command of the game in the third period, and in the fourth completely ruled over the tiring Howe quintet, outscoring them 25-9 in the final stanza. For the Knights, Munroe again was tops with 30 points, followed by Heinze and Zigelis with 14, and Battaglioli with 10.

A. Z. and V. B.



EXCHANGES

Topsinews—Topsfield High School, Topsfield, Mass. How lucky you are to be receiving a first-hand account of life in a foreign country through letters from a schoolboy traveling through Europe to his school in Switzerland! Ronald's letter is interesting and very informative.

Borrowed: For sophomore biology classes.

Alone

Until I heard a doctor tell,
 "There's danger in a kiss,"
 I had considered kissing you
 The closest thing to bliss.
 But now I know biology
 And sit and sigh and moan.
 Six million mad bacteria,
 And I thought we were alone.

Tattler—Nashua High School, Nashua, New Hampshire. Your literary department is excellent. Keep up the good work! Jonathan Q. Fly provides a humorous coverage of school news. Your depiction of the football team was cute. Will they ever live it down?

* * * * *

The Headlight—Marblehead, High School Marblehead, Mass. Borrowed:

Parade of Stars

Strike it Rich	“A”
Truth or Consequences	Tests
Dangerous Assignment	Chemistry Experiment
The Big Payoff	Diploma
Life Is Worth Living	When?

* * * * *

Swampscotta—Swampscott High School, Swampscott, Mass. Your photography and art work are wonderful! It really adds a lot to your magazine. “Hands” by Debbie Forbes, is one of the best stories we have ever read in a school magazine. We just wish there was room in this column to print it.

* * * * *

Boston University News—Boston University, Boston, Mass. Congratulations on the fine professional tone your paper maintains! Your news coverage is excellent.

* * * * *

Aegis—Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass. You have a fine literary section. “Anyone for Squash” was especially good. O. O. and C. P.



- “TOO LATE NOW”—When the teacher hands out detention slips.
- “IT’S ALMOST TOMORROW”—What we think of Friday, first period.
- “A TEEN-AGE PRAYER”—What you say on the way to the office.
- “NO, NOT MUCH”—Mr. Thomson’s dictionary work for talking in the Caf.
- “SPEEDOO”—Racing down Main Street.

CARL W. KNIGHTLY

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